

Ellingwood & Co.'s Column

A preacher in Nashville, Tennessee, sometime since made the following distinction between a coquette and a flirt: A flirt is a creature with a heart but without brains, a coquette is a creature with brains but without a heart.

Miscellaneous.



LANDRETH'S
WARRANTED
GARDEN SEEDS

ELLINGWOOD & CO. offer to purchasers a
SEED, at 5c and 10c per paper.
FARM, at 15c. 1794

ONE TENTH!
Owing to the scarcity and high prices of Grain,
I will hereafter grid for the TENTH! I am now
selling the best seed wheat at one Tenth of the
usual market price.
April 19, 1855. JOHN CARVER. 1667-79

TIME IS MONEY!
CLOCKS, WATCHES & JEWELRY,
repaired with neatness and accuracy. Prices
moderate, and with all possible despatch, at
J. B. SILVERMAN'S, of the best material, and first
workmanship, always on hand, and made to order at
FARMERS' and LANDRETH'S GARDEN.
April 11, 1855. 1795

I AM READY!
I HAVE opened a general REPAIRING and JOB
SHOP, in this place, and would say to Farmers
and others, that if they have any broken Axes, Hoes,
Nails and Straw Cutters, should they need repair-
ing, I can do the work just as it should be done, as I
have been employed by the highest quality of the
instrument made or repaired, and various other articles.

27 My terms are cash. J. M. RICHARDSON
Feb. 14, 1855. ton787

STRAYED OR STOLEN
FROM the subscriber, at the Eminence Farm
Grounds, during the last annual Fair, an *Arden*
Gelding, 4 years old, white, with a black mane, I will
give \$25 reward for the return of said horse to me at
New Castle, Ky., or any information that will enable
me to find him.
GEO. M. JONES'S. *c794
April 4, 1855.

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ALL persons indebted to JAS. S. SHARRARD
by bill or note or account will come forward and
settle by cash with the undersigned. Prompt atten-
tion will be given to all bills or notes or accounts
or accounts against said Sharrard, are requested to
present them for auditing. T. W. BROWN.
R. REED.
Assignees of Jas. S. Sharrard.

REMOVAL!
J. P. CHIN has removed his FURNISHING
STORE to a room under the Old Fellows'

Hall, north-west side of the Public Square. Having received the following goods from the East, he is now prepared to make up anything in the gentlemen's line of Clothing in the best style and fashion, and he is anxious to have a trial of his new Fashion Plates. His stock of Goods is of the best quality, consisting of

Black and Fancy Cloths, Cassimere, and
Black and Fancy Stockings, Fancy Dockings,
Stocks, Cravats,

And, in fact, all articles for gentlemen's wear. Mr. Chitt has assured all those who may favor him with a visit, that he will endeavor to give them entire SATISFACTION in all that he has the honor to favor, he sincerely hopes to merit a continuance of the same.

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

He also keeps on hand a good assortment of Ready-Made Clothing of **HONE MANUFACTURE** made in the best style and fashion, and the work is executed in the most perfect manner.

SOMEthing SHARP

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precious metals, cash, and giving a premium re-
funded subject to assessment once in two years or
once of loss of fire.

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Any person desiring to become an agent for this Com-
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JAMES M. MOORE, Louisville, Ky., General Agent
for the Louisville and Shelby County, Ky.
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LAHER, formerly Third Auditor of U. S. Treasury
and U. S. Paymaster, and now President of the
and Todd's Marble Building, Washington City
continues to give their usual prompt attention to the
purchasing of the above, and to the issuing of the
Certificates. Familiarity with the general rules

of business connected with the several Departments and the experience they have acquired in the various offices of the Government. The large number of cases heretofore assigned to their care, warrants them in tendering their services, with renewed confidence to the several Departments, and to the Army, Navy, and Ordnance Officers and Soldiers, the Revolutionary and other Wars, who have been entitled, by acts of Congress, to Commutation, Half Pay, or Bounty Land.

In addition to their experience, they possess much valuable record and a full knowledge of the various applicable laws and various classes of claims.

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Those who served in the Revolutionary War, or in the following wars, or as minor children who served in the Revolutionary War, War of 1812, Florida, or any of the Indian Wars, for a period not less than six months, and who have not received a Pension or Warrent for 160 acres. Those who have already received a Pension or Warrent for 160 acres, and who have not received an additional quantity of land, are entitled to 160 acres more.

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April, 1855. 100724

The Garland.

I'VE A TALE TO TELL.

Listen, I've a tale to tell!
But no when earth's vigil sleeps;
I'd whisper in secret to those
Where the spirits of silence sleep;
Where a rustling leaf is heard,
Or babbling sound of running rills,
Where at first note from sweet bird,
The flowers will chide her, "hush, be still!"

There, where the soul of silence dwells—
Where streamlet weaves unnumbered rings,
I'd sigh the tale my bosom swells,
Or speak it with my eyes.
And when my passion thus I speak,
Say will it cause a joyous thrill?
To mantle o'er thy lovely cheek?
And wilt thou bid me "hush, love, hush!"

Miscellaneous.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.

BY ALICE R. NEAL.

"ANNA," screamed Mrs. Locke. We are sorry to accept so undignified a word for the tone of voice used by that most fascinating of belles; but Mrs. Locke was stationed behind the curtain of the second story front room window, and her sister was dressing her hair at the very back of the house.

"Well!" inquired Miss Paine, half turning from the mirror to listen.

"Another present for the bride; a large white box, from Glenn's, I should say; but I can't make it out exactly; Harry!"

Miss Paine, catching at the skirt of her dressing gown, fled through the intervening room.

"I think it is one of Bailey's men; he's been there twice already. I noticed that green coat with the white buttons. Depend upon it—more silver."

"That's twenty-three parcels I've counted," said Mrs. Locke. "I expect she will have very handsome presents."

"Oh, some must have been her dresses and things; but she ought to have—all her relations are rich."

"They are lighting the gas in the back parlor already. I should not wonder if they were going to have a rehearsal to-night."

"I dare say; here comes the groom; if it was me I should not thank him to be so early evening. So all the horse-back riding turned out just as you always said it would."

Entirely unconscious of this neighborly observation, Harold, who had been sitting in the early twilight, thinking only, as he turned the corner, that it was for the last time. To-morrow his probation ended, and when they returned to the city he should have a right to come and go just as he pleased; the right of a husband and son, in the house that held his promised bride. With all sweet dreams and fancies, far more unselfish than young men of four and twenty are apt to entertain, he sprang up the marble steps, and rang a quick summons to the servant who had received the "twenty-three parcels," and who remarked to the cook, as he turned languidly towards the door: "That bell seemed hung on wires, and that person could wait till his hurry was over."

The threat was not fulfilled, however; for the bride herself, watching by the parlor window, had saved John the trouble of this occasion.

No wonder at this proof of her interest and eagerness in his coming. The happy Harold scarcely waited to place the door between them and Mrs. Locke, still watching over the way, before he had given her such a kiss and embrace as you can imagine under the circumstances. He could not help a feeling of disappointment, though, when his lady-love's half-smothered "acclamation"—"Oh! it's you, it is, Harold!" while she resettled her discompoled collar and undersleeves.

"Who else did you suppose it was?" inquired the slightly piqued, but still devoted lover.

"Oh, don't get cross—there's a darling. But I thought it might be Cousin James; gravely, you know he hasn't been here for a week, and it's so strange! Not the first thing has come from him, not so much as a note or anything. Oh! Harold, I've so many lovely things come to-day; all sorts of baskets and boxes, and ornaments, and silver; all my uncles and aunts have sent something in silver and everything much so beautifully. Isn't it queer about Cousin James? So rich, and my guardian, too, and always so fond of me! It must be something elegant when it does come. We've been talking it over, and every time the bell rang, you know, we thought it must be he, or his present. I told the girls I was sure it was this time; I felt so somehow so I ran to the door myself."

It was not particularly gratifying to know that his bride had been watching for a trinket instead of himself; but Harold was too happy to let that damp the delight he felt in being near his "little wife"—"almost," as she whispered in the hall, after a separation of so many hours. He was sorry to hear voices in the back parlor, so he kept her talking away while he made a great parade of unbuttoning his overcoat, and drawing off his gloves.

"You must not mind how I look to-night," she said, giving her apron a little shake; "people never do look like anything or pretend to dress the week before they are married, Albertina says, and she has been a bridesmaid ever so many times. She was astonished when she found I made no difference at all the while, and advised me to keep on my morning dress to-night at any rate. She thinks Cousin James intends to send a whole tea service, or a very elegant set of ornaments; she says she shouldn't be surprised if he gave diamonds. But I forgot you hadn't seen the things. They are all set out on the sofa table in the back parlor, except our mother's; there wasn't room for that, so it's on the piano, and by-and-by we are going to arrange them in the dressing room up stairs."

"I'm glad you told me what it all means," said Harold, as he bowed to Miss Albertina Willis, first bridesmaid, and Ellen Ward the third; the intervening damsel had not yet arrived. "I should say you were getting up a fancy fair, or something of that kind, if I did not know."

"Needle boxes and cologne bottles! What a collection!"

"Oh, don't," called out the bride, rescuing an embroidered white satin sachet from her careless handling; "there isn't a needle box in the whole you provoking man. And that pair of cologne are real Bolemans, and came from Glenn's; they haven't been in the house ten minutes; they're Mrs. Jacob's present, and must have cost immensely, Albertina says; and she has priced these things so often."

"So they are ranged according to market value. The regard of the giver has nothing to do with the transaction, only the length of your purse they imply. This is rather petty."

"It was a taper stand, one of those trifling affairs one sees on every elegant."

"Mrs. Grimes"—he read the card at-

tached. "You ought to put the price down in dollars and cents, under each, or mark it on the bottom of the article, as they do in china shops."

"Oh, you're joking now. I know you think just as I do, that its very mean in Mrs. Grimes, when I made Agnes such a lovely present last year. I don't think she would like to see the price fall very well; I expected something elegant from her. Isn't this lace-set beautiful? That's from Aunt Jane."

"Rather." It was plain to see he did not know one present from another, as he carelessly ruffled the Alencon chemise the young ladies had been in ecstasies over. "How many dollars' worth of affection, Jenny?"

"Oh, it must have been—but I've no idea—immense," said the future Mrs. Harold in all good faith.

"Heard the other all by itself," said Ellen Ward. "See, what a lovely pair of socks!"

"And what are these? Muffin rings? One, two, three, four; why there must be nine or ten. Oh, napkin rings are they? Well, how many napkins are we to use at once? How tiny they shall have to be to display them all! And what is that trowel there?"

"A pie knife," exclaimed the third bridesmaid, wondering if Mr. Welsh was really as ignorant as he pretended, but not knowing him well enough to ask.

"Why, there's two of them," said Harold. "Then I can always ask for two pieces of pie. How fortunate!"

"Oh, that's nothing," interposed Albertina. "Why, Alice Lawton had eight pair of butter-knives. I recollect, all marked with her name in full, so it was impossible to exchange them. To be sure it would be nicer if one of these was a crumb-scraper."

How long since silver crumb-brushes came in!" inquired Harold.

"Not brushes; a knife something like this, or this more," and she held up a massive fish-knife, elaborately engraved with dolphins, while the fork was in the form of a trident. See how heavy this is! Mrs. Frank Welsh has really been very kind."

"Oh, that's my relation. Why is everybody expected to shell out on these occasions?"

"Shell out! What an expression, Harold!" said the bride elect, pointing. "She thought he was not half as much pleased as he should have been. For her part, she had been in such a state of excitement all day over her new possessions, that she could scarcely wait for evening to come, that she could share her raptures."

The very wrapping-paper and twine, and packing-boxes, had a charm for her.

"Mrs. Egbert Welsh sent that pair of preserve spoons," said the matter-of-fact Ellen Ward, on whom the business of this display would principally fall, and who was losing no time in getting the catalogue for her wares by heart—she believed it is a pair of regular bridal etiquette for the third bridesmaid to undertake "the fancy table."

"Mrs. Jones," the salt-spoons lined with gold, you see and gold mustard spoons. Miss Grant, the tea-strainer. Mrs. Pyne, the ice-cream-knife. Hanna Richards the ladle—no, she sent the oyster-ladle—this is marked Mrs. Thomas Barker, and belongs to the family set here. A dozen tea spoons, dessert and table spoons, in this case, Mr. and Mrs. John Barker. Two dozen forks, breakfast and tea, Mrs. Edward Sugar, Mrs. Henry, Cream, Mr. and Mrs. Thompsons Barker."

"See, how heavy they are?" added the bride, who, running to the window, another ring having announced the arrival of a disappointment in the shape of a baker's boy with fresh buns for tea, had returned in time to take pride in this display of liberality on the part of her own family.

"Very," said Harold gravely, balancing a fork which he had taken from the table, and which he had just been toasting with a "pork-morrocceano." "Your Uncle Edward loves you so many uncles, warranted genuine." Your Uncle and Aunt John's love you so many more. Well, I have heard of "wringing affection," but I always considered it a figure of speech till now."

"You may say what you please, Harold; every young couple ought to have their silver spoons."

Particularly after her stipulation that you should always live with her; and she has everything in this line already."

"But how should I manage it Cousin James should send a whole tea-service," said the bride, "so as not to offend Uncle Henry and Uncle Tompkins? I wish they had chosen something else, something entirely useful, egg-boilers, say."

"He will, you may depend upon it," said Albertina. "The winter I was in Savannah, there was a Georgia Berrian's uncle, just like your Cousin James, only he was a planter, instead of a merchant, and a very old man; her uncle instead of her father's cousin; but he was her guardian, I mean. He did not come to the wedding, but two weeks before, the most enormous packing box arrived from Charleston by the steamer. Well, all rushed to see it opened; and what do you think it turned to? A dressing bureau! Georgia had at all, knowing her rich. Her Cousin James was always considered. It was reasonable to be sure, and elegantly carved; but only think of a dressing bureau for a bride's present!"

"Look out for a wash-stand from Cousin James," said Harold, highly amused at the story, with its marked emphasis: "a wash-stand and a towel-rack to match."

"Nonsense!" returned the bride, to whom a wash-stand was tolerable familiar, this being the fourth repetition of the word. "Be quiet, or I shall pinch your arm severely, Harold."

But Harold continued his bantering. "I imagine her emotions when her guests took up the tickets so: 'Le Roy Pickens, one dressing-bureau, forty-five dollars! Am I to make out the tickets for these things? You must have a catalogue by all means, Miss Ward. That will save quantities of trouble. I am to page the third. Lot No. 19, two dozen tea spoons, Mrs. Tom Barker, valued at how much Jenny?"

Uncle and Aunt John sent the spoons. Listen now, Go on, Albertina."

"Well," said Albertina, "after a while, we thought we might as well have the bureau set up, as plenty of drawers were wanted, you may be sure, with ten bridesmaids, seven of us staying in the house! I remember, there wasn't a nail that would have held anything tight! And what do you think? When we came to open the bureau drawers, there was a set of linen cambric handkerchiefs—there was a small side-drawer—and half a dozen French collars, and a whole piece of Valenciennes lace; and dear knows what all! You should have seen us tearing out the things after that; the most elegant dresses; and a white watered mantilla—I recollect, it was the year they first came out—a crape shawl, and elegant fan and even a sunshade; a whole wardrobe complete, that he had sent North for us. You never saw such a looking room as it was when we got

through. Every chair and table, and the floor piled up with things!"

"Dear Jenny, I hope your cousin James won't copy that remarkable fashion."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because the house certainly would not hold any more dresses, and bonnets, and things. Only recollect how many times I've escorted you to Miss Wharton's. And it must be three months at least, that I've walked over that unfortunate seamstress in the bent bonnet who is always going home just as I come!"

"Oh, one can't have too much," said Albertina, emphatically. "If I was a going to be married, I should make it a point to have a different dress, and lace set for every party, and a bonnet for every walking-dress. I can't see the least use in being over-dressed without having plenty of new things!"

"I dare say," said the bridegroom. "Where's your mother Jenny?"

"I've hardly had a glimpse of her all day; she's busy about the collation. That puts me in mind; she wanted to see you, when you came in, about the wine. I guess you'll find her in the dining-room."

"Suppose you go with me, to show me the way."

"Why, if Cousin James should come, or send—for you see, I am sure being my guardian it will be something superb—I should not like to be out of the way."

"Yes," said Albertina, "after waiting ever since one o'clock."

"But," suggested Ellen Ward, "we could bring it right up you know."

"Pray do not trouble yourself," said Harold. He was only a mortal man, and could not help being a little vexed. "I can find my mother, I dare say."

And a lover's quarrel was certainly his, as the bride had not thought better of it and followed him into the hall—"You're not angry with me?"

"No, darling," and she smothered the half from away from his face, as she nestled close in his arm going up the broad staircase. "But these pumps and vanities seem so unsuited to all I have been thinking and feeling to-day. I suppose I have got over my disappointment in not finding you alone to-night."

"But you will have me all to yourself after to-morrow."

"True my little bride," and his heart gave a great bound at the thought.

"And, you see, if we did not have at least one rehearsal—most people have three or four—there might be some disagreeable mistake, and that would spoil all."

"All?"

"The wedding, I mean."

But it was a very irksome evening notwithstanding. The groomsmen would not understand the precise order of entries—Harold persisted in calling it "dancing the figure"—and the second bridesmaid had a cold, and was obliged to stay at home, and nurse herself for the next day. Her place was supplied for the time being by Mrs. Barker, the mother of the bride, being constitutionally nervous and especially flurried when so many things still remained to be looked after went wrong continually, and was called off as soon as she began to enter into the spirit of the thing.

Albertina, mistress of ceremonies, by virtue of her long experience, was "in the pair" every five minutes; and it was wonderful how she survived at all. The door bell rang continually, and the bride as often broke away from "her partner," and flew to the hall, to receive the head waiter engaged for the next day, or some handbox, or parcel, or message from the milliner or dressmaker; but no parcel from the delinquent gardener, who was so strangely forgetful, considering that he had heartily approved of the engagement at the first, and was the wealthiest of all Miss Jenny Barker's well-to-do relatives.

"I would not mind so much, at any rate, only every one will talk so," she said to Harold, who felt himself compelled to leave without having seen her alone ten minutes; yet when he came, it seemed as if he could not say half that was in his heart for a month at least. It was so full of bright hopes, and the new duties he was to take upon himself, and fears lest he should fail in making that dear girl as happy as she should be.

"What should we care for any one, Jenny, when we have each other. And really, I don't see what more a woman's heart could wish than such a shower of beautiful things. I was only teasing. I think you presents very handsome, dear, and it's very kind in our friends."

Just then, at the very latest possible hour, the messenger so watched for was heard ascending the steps.

"I shan't turn my head this time," said the bride, despairingly. "I know it's too late for Cousin James now."

Very likely it was, for he was a middle aged gentleman of very regular habits, who had dispatched his office boy with the parcel and note now delivered early in the evening. Why they had just arrived was best known to the messenger himself, who did not wait for explanations.

It seemed as if that string would never come untied. Harold took pity on the impatient, fluttering little fingers, and cut it with his knife finally. One, two, three, wrappers!

"And it's so heavy. What can it be?" said the bride, eagerly.

Then a strong pasteboard packing box edged with blue. Harold began to comprehend the mystery; but nothing was further from the young girl's excited imagination than the plain, substantially-bound "Oxford Family Bible," which presented itself when the cover was raised.

"Tears of disappointment and mortification sprang to her eyes as she looked up to Harold."

He was sorry for her, though, to him, it seemed a very wise and proper gift from the judicious guardian, who had always had her best welfare at heart. He wondered that no one, not even his own good mother, in all their circle of relatives, had made the same choice.

"Read the note, Jenny," he said, soothingly, as he would have said to a grieved, disappointed child, putting it into her hand. She gave it back to him open; but she could not make it out through her tears. They were alone now; so he drew her head down under his shoulder, and read in his grave, manly voice—

"I send you an unusual gift, dear child, for you have always been as dear to me as my own child; and I can think of no other so suitable, coming from me at this time. A family Bible is not held in such loving reverence, or consulted with faith and trust of old time. Still, knowing Harold as I do, and how ready you are won to the right way when it is set before you, I hope that in your household it will never be neglected and unused, as it is in so many homes."

"I do not approve of bridal presents in the light they have come to be considered. They are too often only vehicles of ostentatious display, oftentimes ill-afforded, and given grudgingly in secret; and the truest

friends are wounded by seeing their modest offerings, placed in glittering contrast with what has cost far less thought and care, overlooked or slighted by the recipient for some useless bauble. Envy and heart-burning; every kind of ill feeling seems, to me, to grow out of this abused custom. I had made up my mind to discontinue it in future, before I knew that I was so soon to be called on to give you away."

Harold could not ask anything more precious at his hands; and tell him, for me, that at any time my counsel, credit, or more tangible proof of the entire confidence I have in him will be of any service, he must not hesitate to call on me, as if I was his own father."

The reader's eyes grew misty now, while a smile of sudden satisfaction and pleasure flushed his bride's upraised face. It was so kindly said that spirit of her expectation she could not be vexed at her guardian; and the disappointment began to lose its keenest edge.

"For yourself, my dear child, accept all I can offer of heartfelt good wishes and earnest prayers for your future happiness. I doubt not other friends have lavished more costly gifts. None have thought of you as I have this day in selecting mine, save, in deed, your mother and your future husband. God's blessing be on you both."

"What more could we ask, darling?" said Harold, kissing her forehead softly; and at that moment, free from all external worldly influences, she was ready to answer "Nothing."

LOVE, ITS PURITY AND POWER.—How bright and beautiful is love in its hour of purity and innocence—how mysteriously does it etherealize every feeling and concentrate every wild and bewildered impulse of the soul! Love is the mystic and mysterious love—is the garb and spring of life, the dream of the heart—the poetry of nature. Its song is heard in the rude hut of the poor, as well as the gorgeous palace of the rich; its flames embellish the solitude of the forest, and the thronged haunts of busy life, and its light imparts a brilliancy to every heart no matter what may be its condition.

Love—pure, holy and devoted love—can never change. Friends may forsake us—the riches of this world may soar away, but the heart that loves is true, and amid the wreck of the tempest, it will serve as a "beacon" to light us on to hope and happiness.

Love is the mystic and unseen spell that soothes the wild and rugged tendencies of human nature—that lingers about the sanctity of the fireside, and unites in closer union the affection of society, and the soul that loves truly, will love forever. Not like the waves of the ocean, nor traced in sand, its image presses upon a loving heart.

No—but it will burn on undimmed in its lustre amid the quick rush of the winds and the warning of the tempest cloud—and when our fate seems dark and dreary, then will love seek shelter in her own halcyon temple; and offer up as a sacrifice her vows and her affections.

"JOE RIDICUS!"—Current among the gossip of the Supreme Court Library and Lounging room, was a little story told of a distinguished member of the bar from one of the central counties of the State; and as it tickled all who heard it, and as Chief Justice down to the "latest admission," we comprehend that we can absolutely spoil it, with our *curren te calano*.

Some months ago, the gentleman to whom special reference is made above, and who may be called Col. Dash, was retained to defend a most terrible "assault with intent to murder," in a county north of his own which may be designated as the county of "Blank."

As it was a very bad case, Col. Dash advised his client, who had entered into bond with good security, in \$20,000, that it was well enough to forfeit the recognizance by failing to appear, and to take the chance of quashing it because it was executed on Sunday—as happened to have been the fact.

This course was taken, and at the proper time, Col. Dash, whose mouth is one of real oratorical extension, moved to quash the bond, because it appeared to the court, here, *juridice*, he entered into and signed the bond Sunday—*dies non juridicus*. In the course of the argument which he made for the motion, the phrase came out several times—*dies non juridicus*—often indeed, that even all the unlearned and altogether untechnical came to know, by the context, that *dies non juridicus* meant Sunday, or Sunday meant *dies non juridicus*, which was not very essentially different; and that the law did not recognize the social apathy of the better day, the better deed."

"All that was said! Not exactly! There was one person present, a country justice of the peace—who did not understand what *dies non juridicus* meant, or rather he got a peculiar view of its force and effect. He marked the phrase, however, and invested it, in his own mind, with a monstrous potency, as the sequel shows."

Some weeks after the motion to quash—which was entirely successful, thanks to *dies non juridicus*—"Squire Hobbs, the justice at hand, had, in his own beat, a case before him, in which a citizen was charged with stealing a pig, or some other chattel under the value of twenty dollars. The examination, if it did not establish the guilt of the accused—beyond a reasonable doubt," raised some ugly presumptions, and his lawyer, aware of the fact, remarked to the court, "Squire Hobbs, afore said, that in view of the rigidity of the statute regulating preliminary criminal trials, he would not interpose any defence, at that time, but his client was ready to make a case before him, in the form of an affidavit, when he would satisfactorily establish his innocence."

"Bond!" exclaimed "Squire Hobbs—" "Bond!—Yes, I say Bond! And at the term of the Circuit Court, have that big-mouth lawyer from S—, come that, holler Joe Ridicus! Joe Ridicus! I two or three times, and away goes your Bond! Constable! tie the defendant up to that tree, out there, and give him thirty-nine lashes, and see what Joe Ridicus can do with that!"

And they say that the thing was so well done, that even "Joe," himself would never have had the face to plead *non tid* record that recognizance.—Montgomery Mail.

COMPASSION.—There never was any heart truly great and generous, that was not also tender and compassionate; it is the noble quality that makes all men to be of one kind; for every man would be a distinct species to himself, where there is no sympathy among individuals.

A shrub has been discovered near San Antonio, Texas, called guisacui, which bids fair to equal or supersede the Osage orange or Cherokee rose for hedges in the South. The spines or thorns are more numerous and formidable than those of the osage orange, which is a great desideratum in the formation of live fences. This subject is worthy of experiment by all those who are situated near regions where this plant can be obtained, and if successful, it should be made known to the public.

ODOR FOR THE SICK ROOM.—A few drops of oil of sandal-wood, which though not in general use, may be easily obtained, when dropped on a hot shovel, will diffuse a most agreeable balsamic perfume throughout the atmosphere of sick rooms, or other confined apartments.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.—Charles Dickens never wrote anything more beautiful and true than the following: "The true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose delicate exercise themselves in making laws for her nurse, whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with husband, and whose heart asks no other honor than his love and admiration; a woman that he does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossiness and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rent and ravelled edges; a woman who speaks low and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, and intellectual and industrious; who loves more than she reasons and rarely argues but adjusts with a smile; such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and who is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past; such a woman as this does more for woman's cause than all the sea captains, bar-barristers, judges and members of the parliament put together—God-given and God-blessed as she is."

SALES OF LAND, &c.

FOR SALE OR RENT. THE LATE RESIDENCE OF J. Simpson Lancaster, dec'd., situated about one mile west from Shelbyville. Apply to JOHN ROBINSON, JOHN W. STONE, Executors.

AT PRIVATE SALE. THE FARM, containing 234 acres, and a fine STORE-HOUSE in Shelbyville, belonging to the estate of Dr. J. Glass, dec'd., is offered at private sale. For terms, apply to JOSEPH W. LOGAN, Agents, OF ELIZA GLASS ESTATE, OF Dr. R. W. Shelbyville, Sept. 6, 1855. dt764

FOR SALE. A FINE RESIDENCE IN SHELBYVILLE. THE FINE RESIDENCE OF Mrs. John Lane is offered for sale. It is a large two story brick house on the corner of Main and Sixth streets, containing nine rooms, with two negro-houses, smoke-house carriage-house, stables, &c., attached, all in good repair. For terms, &c., apply to JOHN K. LANE, or M. C. TAYLOR, Shelbyville, Aug. 16, 1855. dt761

SHELBY LAND. FOR SALE.—I offer for sale the FARM recently purchased by Henry Beckley from James G. Price, situated on the Aiken's road, two miles and a half north-west from Shelbyville, and containing one hundred and thirty acres; ninety of which are cleared and in cultivation, the remainder well timbered and in grass. The house is suitable for a small family, with all necessary out-buildings; a good well of water in the yard, and the farm is well stocked with stock water. A small orchard of choice fruit. Persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine the premises for themselves. Terms made known upon application to the subscriber in Shelbyville, Ky. JOHN R. BECKLEY, Attorney for Henry Beckley. dt791

SHELBY STOCK FARM. FOR SALE.—With a view to distribute the interests of the heirs in the estate on which the subscriber has resided for many years, and of which he is the Agent for Evan Shelby, Trustee, he has been authorized to offer for sale the VALUABLE FARM recently purchased by Henry Beckley from James G. Price, situated on the Aiken's road, two miles and a half north-west from Shelbyville, and containing one hundred and thirty acres; ninety of which are cleared and in cultivation, the remainder well timbered and in grass. The house is suitable for a small family, with all necessary out-buildings; a good well of water in the yard, and the farm is well stocked with stock water. A small orchard of choice fruit. Persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine the premises for themselves. Terms made known upon application to the subscriber in Shelbyville, Ky. JOHN R. BECKLEY, Attorney for Henry Beckley. dt791

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